

[illegible]

Anderson College Art and Literary Magazine 2003

## Saturday Night

The hours drift by as city lights fade,  
The radio singing stories of lives we'd never lead  
Running yellow lights we passed the time,  
And wished the road didn't end at the edge of town.

The radio's stories of lives we won't lead play  
As wheels beneath us spin out a rhythm  
Wishing the road went on past the edge of town.  
We drive back and forth hoping the path will change.

The tires spin a rhythm on the road.  
Passing abandoned buildings that litter downtown streets  
We hope for a different ending each round we make,  
Young and bored with nowhere to go.

Through downtown streets littered with abandoned buildings  
Running yellow lights we passed the time  
The radio singing stories of lives I won't live.  
The hours drift by as city lights fade.

Jeff Massey



Tata  
Evan Bugg  
22" x 28"  
Oil on Canvas

## Mama's Teapot

Pristine, white,  
its gentle curves  
soothe my spirit,  
appeal to the artist in me.  
Open to air and sunshine,  
it fills a hallowed spot in the room.  
Inherited from one as inflexible  
as the material from which it is made,  
she hid behind tears that fell readily,  
enough to fill the pot and more.

Lacking the gracefulness that describes  
this simple pot, and  
hardened with a fear that misshaped  
her tender years,  
she was filled with a love  
she could not pour out  
in ways that satisfied her soul,  
— or quenched her thirst.

Margaret Hayes

## HAIKU

In the summer heat,  
old mushrooms hidden in grass,  
become dried sculptures.

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Two Yellow Finches,  
gorging on sunflower seeds —  
practiced pillagers.

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Bare, snow-sprinkled trees  
framed by window edged in black,  
Japanese painting.

Margaret Hayes



Blender  
Jonathan Tribble  
28" x 32"  
Oil on Canvas

To be free from propaganda  
Is the biggest human freedom.  
Human thought starts endless wonder  
Through the stars of Father's kingdom.

I was lucky, I was let be.  
For the answers on my questions  
I was looking deep inside me,  
And provoking two-side tension.

From the outside-proud pity,  
Trying to defend existence  
Of disastrous cold of cities  
And production's truth resistance.

And inside I've got the answers,  
That inspire me with power,  
Open up my knowledge sensors  
Just like in drought blooms a little flower.

I don't know which way is truthful,  
But I choose the one that chose me.  
What I'll do if I love sun, and  
Prefer poetry to prosing?

March 2002

Kamila Bobrova



## The Album

The book opens with a cracking spine,  
pages spew gray clouds into the air  
like ghosts, rising from the grave,  
The thick air weighing on my tongue.

Pages spew gray clouds into the air,  
the smell of years past now revisited  
the thick air weighing on my tongue,  
making me think of times never ending.

The smell of years past, now revisited.  
Young faces made immortal even in death,  
making me think of times never ending,  
childless mothers and three-year-old soldiers.

Young faces made immortal even in death.  
That book opens with cracking spine.  
Childless mothers and three-year-old soldiers,  
like ghosts rising from the grave.

Aaron Archibald

## Grandpa's Palm

Sundays too my grandpa got up early  
and put his tools on in the moonlit shed,  
then with black hands, bruised  
from labor in the midday harvest, made  
palmed trees bleed. Mama never stopped him.

I'd wake and hear wine trunks trickling, streaming.  
When clay jars were full, he'd call,  
and quickly I would rise and dress,  
ducking daily duties at the house,

Listening reverently to him,  
who whistled to the palm's beat  
and reveled his folk tales to tell.  
What did he know, what did he know  
of time, etched indelibly on his hands?

Adaobi Ezeokoli



Untitled  
Chris Bailey  
22"x 18"  
Pen

## A Parkinson's Portrait

Who Am I?

I am forgetful — What's my name?

Who are you?

Is it tomorrow or yesterday?

I am slow — Wait for me.

Don't rush me.

May I freeze?

I am jumpy —

Shall I spill my coffee on you?

Give me something to stir.

Please don't ask to cut up my meat.

I look scary —

Go ahead, look shocked.

I'd be shocked too,

if I had to look at me.

Find me some kids to scare.

I am morose — Cheer me up.

Tell me a joke.

Take off my mask.

Take off yours.

I am impotent —

What can I do about it?

Go to bed with me

So you can turn me over.

It's up to you, girls.

I am old —

71 next deathday, or is it 12?

Backward, turn backward,

O time in your flight.

Make me a monkey again,

Just for tonight.

I am medicated —

Where's my fix?

Sinemet, I love you.

I'm just a Parlodel junky.

I AM FRIENDLY — Feel me!

Hug me!

No A — frame hug,

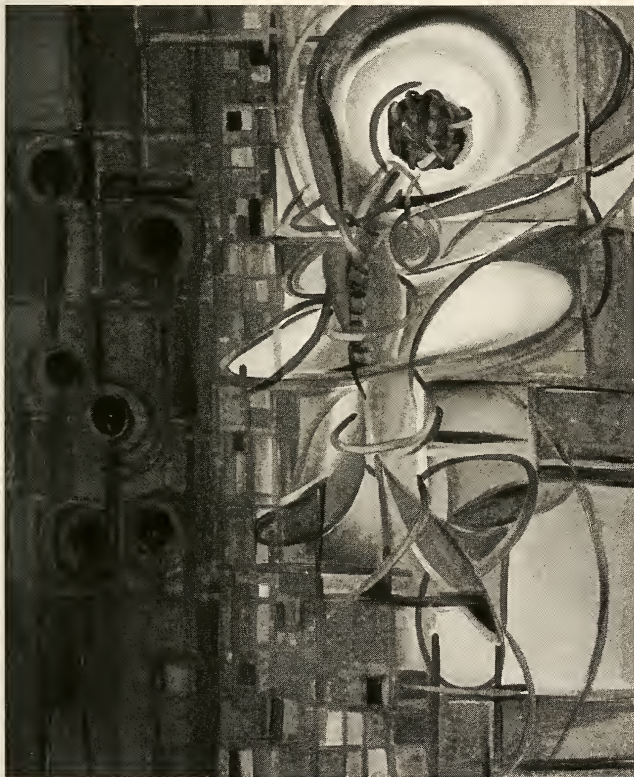
But belly to belly!

Who am I? Damn you, James Parkinson. If it wasn't for you,

I'd be safe in a nice cell, in a straight jacket,

Where sometimes I feel I belong.

bill bridges



Untitled  
Rachel Warren  
28"x 34"  
Oil on Canvas



Self Bust  
Jason Johnson  
12"  
Clay



Self Bust  
Alley Parnell  
12"  
Clay

## Death of a Box Turtle

Hollow turtle shell,  
inside open without shame  
to the sun,  
    and the rain,  
        and even me —  
who found you on the ridge  
looking like a cup  
waiting to be filled.

Left with only the bony remnants  
of your former self,  
you knew life intimately,  
living close to the soil,  
caressed by grass,  
comforted by sun,  
nourished by rain.

An accident, I'm sure,  
turned you up just so,  
(one doesn't give up easily) —  
and then you surrendered in surprise,  
as do shells from the sea,  
and as even must I,  
to what will be the journey's end  
for all of us.

Margaret Hayes





Untitled  
Theresa O'Rourke  
5" x 7"  
Black and White Photograph

## Pilgrimage

Who are these pilgrims stomping through Provence?  
Don't they know that stone lips never kiss,  
That no echo of faith still hangs in the air?  
That now cats eat Mass on crumbling altars?

But lo! Hear the booming bourdons  
Cutting through the dusty air!  
Nimble voices and fingers untie  
To praise God everywhere!

Bill Bridges

Bill Bridges was a faculty member of the music department at Anderson College from 1964-1991. He passed away in February of 2003.

The rays of sun will whisper gently:  
Wake up, wake up, new day is waiting!  
Don't miss these early hours sleeping —  
Most precious moments morning's giving.  
The smell of flowers is so teasing ...  
I'm falling into sea of dreaming.  
My heart feels weightless when I'm stretching  
And makes me sigh-Life is Amazing!  
I'm looking up above the skyline  
And thoughts are soaring in warm air.  
My gorgeous home, my kyrgyz mountains,  
Oh, how I miss you when I'm here!

April 2002

Kamila Bobrova

## Summer's Child

A big bullfrog croaks  
splashing across the cool creek,  
small bare feet follow.

Jennifer Rose Keel

## The Fourteenth

I make my last handshake of the day  
with my office doorknob  
and battle to the nearest flower shop,  
racing against the countless other determined men.

Securing the first bunch I see,  
I lead the line of men  
swiping a plastic card for a scentless trophy:  
A dozen perfections  
impaled on twelve crude sticks.

Elizabeth Aaron



Self Portrait  
Lauren Legget  
34" x 46"  
Oil on Canvas

## Alice

Alice wake up! You're falling again.  
You spoke and shouted unruly things  
Riddles of talking Cheshire Cats  
A queen and king that ruled you out.

You spoke and shouted unruly things  
A rabbit late for tea with men?  
The queen and king that ruled you out,  
What did you do to make them shout?

A rabbit late for tea with men,  
Is this what brought the state you're in?  
What did you do to make them shout?  
Reason? Logic? Or lack within?

Is this what brought the state you're in?  
Riddles of talking Cheshire Cats.  
Reason, logic, and lack within ...  
Wake up Alice! You're falling again.

LeAnne Gray

## Three Haiku

Dragonflies linger,  
Rapidly thrashing their wings  
They slide on the water.

Rain falls silently,  
Tap-dancing on the surface  
Of a glass skylight.

Purple roses sprout  
Horizons of lavender  
In white baby's breath.

Jessica Gregory

## She Danced By

Autumn of childhood,  
her well-placed bun fallen,  
dust covers her like a bottle forgotten.  
As dew moistened pines creak, night comes,  
she must leave. Cool amber lamps of night posted.

I'd wait and watch those night lamps usher twilight in sneaking, whispering . . .  
When the fall breeze hastened, she'd quiver,  
and in the gray sunset I would stand and listen,  
hearing distant melodies of fading jazz.

Parting reluctantly from her,  
who had shown winter's chill approaching  
and nature's slumbering face bowed.  
Did we feel, did we know the last dance?

Adam Foster

## Mykonos

Night dew teases her frilled petticoat  
Sun runs gentle fingers through her hair  
As Diana picks early morning lilies —  
Gandhi sits at the field's edge  
Feet crossed, back to the setting sun  
Adding final touches to Theresa's robe —  
Harriet Tubman whispers to them  
The river bank her respite  
A curious butterfly trapped in her lace hem.  
In Mykonos the roads are red brick  
Brazen under the sun's glare  
Kennedy and King Jr.  
Play the lyre and harp  
And Mykonian angels dance.

Adaobi Ezeokoli

## Remnants of A Life

The nail's point was sharp,  
Like the edge of an icicle,  
It sparked the memory of the  
Nails hammered into the  
Fibers of the oak bed frame.

The hands of the clock moved  
Across its face like the arms  
Of the windmill blowing on  
The land of her father's farm,  
Slowly, quietly — never stopping.

The viola found on the dresser,  
Its neck slender, like the neck  
Of the wine bottle found on the  
Kitchen counter, vacant from  
The thirst of an angry man.

Jessica Gregory





Journey of Anticipation  
Tracy West  
72" x 76"  
Oil and Acrylic on Fabric



Self Portrait  
Brian Burrell  
32"x40"  
Oil on Canvas

# Ivy Leaves Staff

## Design Editors

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Tanner Capps  
Ada Ezeokoli  
Jessica Gregory  
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## Advisors

Wayne Cox  
Jane Dorn

## Cover Design

Sarah Colson

The cover design is based upon the definitions of expression. I used them as a backdrop for the expressive faces. If you look closely, three words are in color: *emotion*, *expressing*, and *feeling*.

This emphasizes words that characterize the five faces. The five faces convey some of the emotions or feelings felt by artists and writers when they compose their work. All forms of art depict an emotion and also create an emotional response from the audience.

Ivy Leaves is a campus publication in which students express themselves. May this book inspire you to express yourself through an art form.

Sarah Colson  
Graphic Designer 2003